Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, December 13, 1917 Number 15

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE GUEST.

Sometimes I feel that Death is very near,
And, with half-lifted hand,
Looks in my eyes, and tells me not to fear,
But walk his friendly land,
Comrade with him, and wise
As peace is wise.

Then greatly though my heart with pity moves
For dear imperilled loves,
I somehow know
That death is friendly so,
A comfortable spirit; one who takes
Long thought for all our sakes.

I wonder: will he come that friendly way,
That guest, or roughly, in the appointed day?
And will, when the last drops of life are spilt,
My soul be torn from me,
Or, like a ship truly and trimly built,
Slip quietly to sea?

The Atlantic Monthly. —*John Drinkwater.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1917. NUMBER 15

GOD RULES THE SEAS!

A thousand dreadnoughts proudly flaunt
Their flags before the breeze;
A million seamen ride the waves,
But God rules the seas.

Before a king had donned a crown,
Or queen had lolled at ease,
The floods beat high against the sky,
And God ruled the seas.

Before a lord had claimed the tide
To curb as he might please,
The waters of the earth flowed wide,
And God ruled the seas.

The fountains of the deep are His,
And His the favoring breeze;
His are the laws of ebb and flow,
For God rules the seas.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

A correspondent quotes William Hard in the *New Republic* as saying, "I believe the word 'traitor' should be abolished. Such procedure would also automatically take care of the word 'patriot.'" Many such sayings would place Mr. Hard among the sages.

In UNITY of November 15 we called attention to a little pamphlet entitled, "Non-Resistance and to What End," written by Fannie Bixby, and regretted that we could not give any closer address. We have since learned that Mr. George W. Moyle, 337 East Third Street, Long Beach, California, is the publisher, and that the pamphlet is being distributed for the most part without price, but those wishing a large number for distribution can be supplied at the rate of $2 per hundred, that being the cost of publication. We reiterate our commendation and wish Miss Bixby's word to receive the wide circulation it deserves.

A correspondent, determined to classify us either "for" or "against" the nation, succeeds by falling back on the simple logic of the untutored savage that sustains the "two-side" process in morals. It is too easy a solution of life's problem that resolves every perplexity into a "yes" or a "no," a black or a white, a good or a bad. The philosophy of the cultivated differs from that of the primitive man on no other point so strikingly as on that which makes complex what once seemed simple and sees truth as a many-angled gem and not as a two-sided shield. Our correspondent writes: "This struggle is the biggest thing the world has ever known. There are only two sides to it. Are you with us or against us?" We give it up, brother. If you find any comfort in labeling us, you are at liberty so to do. But it is safe to say from long experience that the label will not stick long.

The "Farmers' Non-Partisan League" that has made such a phenomenal start in South Dakota and other Western States has reached New York. The State League has been organized at a meeting recently held in New York City with a general attendance from all parts of the State. A legislative program is in process of development. The committee having it in charge is equally divided between farmers and laborers. UNITY still believes that this movement is touched with great possibilities. Nothing is more expensive than partisanship in these days, and the non-partisan combination that obtains among the privileged classes, the representatives of big business, and the war-makers, should be matched by a far more earnest and spiritual nonpartisan movement among the unrepresented and the unreported, the toiling men and women in the shop, on the farm, in the office, in the pulpit and within college walls.

The trial of the three ministers of California who were arrested for "unlawful assembly and disturbing the peace," in connection with the Conference of Christian Pacifists which was to be held October 1-3 at Long Beach, is still pending. A correspondent writing under date of November 28th, says:

> The case which has been going on for about two weeks will go before the jury next week, probably. The evidence against them is very weak but the sentiment is quite bitter on account of the false statements and garbled accounts in the newspapers accusing the association of being financed by German interests, and misrepresenting our cause generally.

The fact that the program was filled largely by ministers of religion, representing many different denominations, makes the arrest and the misrepresentation connected therewith all the more surprising.

Since writing the above, information received by wire tells us that these ministers were convicted on all counts, although the religious character of the meeting was plainly proven. But the attitude of press, jurors and judge made conviction practically certain in advance. This is a case that under ordinary conditions would awaken national interest. It is now certainly of national importance. Of course the case will be appealed but such an appeal needs funds and help should be forthcoming from many sources. Further information concerning the case may be obtained by writing Rev. Floyd Hardin, Los Angeles, California, and contributions should be sent to the same address.

The color line separating black and white promptly becomes a vanishing line in the lower levels of crime, brutality and ignorance. Unfortunately it becomes more definite and presumes to be a permanent line among the would-be respectable, and even the intellectual and presumably moral leaders. When refinement, intellectual culture and spiritual earnestness become as oblivious to color lines as is debauchery, then, and not till then, will the color problem find its solution. UNITY has delighted in the National Association of Colored Women from its organization. It noted the significant Biennial Convention held some two years ago at Wilberforce, Ohio. Miss Zona Gale and Mrs. Jessie Shears-Carnovale attended this convention as unofficial delegates from the white ranks. Following this desire to obliterate lines on the heavenly side of human nature, a movement was set on foot by which certain representative white women asked and secured an affiliated membership in this altogether hopeful and energetic national association. The list now includes some twenty-five names which represent leaders of thought and culture in all parts of the country. In this list we find the names of Miss Jane Addams, Miss Grace Abbott, Miss Edith Abbott, Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, Mrs. Jessie E. Shears-Carnovale, Mrs. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Miss Esther Kohn, Mrs. Mary Rozet Smith, and Mrs. William I. Thomas of Chicago; Mrs. Mary Austin, Rheta Childe Dorr, Elsie Du Four, Crystal Eastman, Mrs. Charles Guy, Paula Jakobi, Fola LaFollette, Katherine Leckie, Anne O'Hagen Shinn, Vida Sutton, Florence Woolston and Rose Young of New York City; Marian DeForest of Buffalo, N. Y.; Zona Gale and Mrs. A. S. Quackenbush of Portage, Wisconsin, Mrs. English Walling of Greenwich, Connecticut; Mrs. Frederick Howe of Croton-on-Hudson; Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Washington, D. C. At the Wilberforce meeting, referred to above, a dark woman from the far South lifted the large audience of colored women above the negro prejudice against the white folk by quoting Markham's quatrain:

> He drew a circle that shut me out,
> Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
> But love and I had the wit to win,
> We drew a circle that took him in.

May these two score and more women lead many to defeat prejudice and win in the battle against clannishness and race pride. May they have the wit to win by drawing a line that will include all excellence, appreciate all gentleness, and endure all affronts with the dignity and forbearance that belong to conquering souls who can pray the Calvary prayer: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Democracy and Minorities

It is often claimed that the demands of Nationalism should suppress individual opinion, or even the formation of opinions contrary to those officially accepted. It is also often noticed that "the first casualty in war is the death of liberty." To guard against this, the framers of the Constitution of the United States provided for unrestricted freedom of speech and press, and right of assemblage. The first amendment reads:

> "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The suppression of minorities even in war time is a source of weakness, not of strength, to governments. Debarred from public expression, discontent works off in more subtle ways. Suppression intensifies unrest. The red flags of anarchy are woven where people think but cannot speak.

The moral as well as the legal basis for freedom of speech and the press has been well indicated by Professor Franklin H. Giddings of Columbia University:

> "Our government is based on the agreement both tacit and implied, that the minority shall always have the rights of free speech, of free press and free agitation, in order to convert itself if possible from a minority to a majority. As soon as these rights of the minority are denied, it will inevitably resort to secret meetings, conspiracies and finally force. In times of stress, it may be extremely embarrassing for the majority to be hampered in quick, decisive action by an obstinate minority; but nevertheless the recognition of the right of the minority is our sole bond of unity.
>
> "For this reason, I repeat that any attempt to interfere with the rights of free speech and free press is a blow at the very foundation of our government."

All majorities must realize that the minority of today must be the majority of tomorrow. Their country belongs to all, to minorities as well as to the rest. Every majority will divide itself as new issues arise. Two great parties tend to form in every free nation, the one conservative, the other favoring change, besides smaller groups more or less radical than the others, shifting from side to side and changing the equilibrium. No party can hope to be permanent.

Even a single man standing alone may be the rallying point of future majorities.*

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*"I hear many condemn these men because they were so few. When were the good and the brave ever in the majority? Would you have him (John Brown) wait till that time came? Till you and I came over to him. . . His company was small indeed because few could be found worthy to pass muster." (Thoreau: *A Plea for Captain Brown.*)

A New Flag Over Jerusalem

After seven hundred years, according to newspaper accounts, the Crescent has been supplanted by the Cross. This is an event of profound significance to a world where affairs are managed by diplomacy and its activities shaped by statesmanship. But to a militant world where events are measured by their strategic importance to maneuvering armies, and their importance gauged by the number of killed and captured, it is but a side incident representing a passing phase in the great military movements of Europe. Syria is the far off end of an attentuated battle line to-day, subject to reversals and more deadly combats.

Tempestuous as have been these seven centuries, Jerusalem, in spite of the turmoil, the ignorance and the grievous peculiarities of the Turkish people and the Turkish rule, has been probably the most cosmopolitan city on the globe. In a very real sense it has been the meeting ground and in a way the capital city of the three great monotheistic faiths of the world. The student must remember that Islamism is one thing and Turkish rule another. While all Turks are Mohammedans, it is not true that all Mohammedanism is Turkish. Mohammedism is confessedly a product of Jewish and Christian antecedents, modifying, refining and transforming the native incoherent polytheism of Arabia. It is true that to a degree the Crescent, the Cross, and the Star of Israel have floated amicably over Jerusalem these many generations. The crimes against humanity perpetrated there have mostly been born out of economic, sociologic and political conservatism, ever shading into wickedness, more than out of religious zeal or theological dogmatism.

In the near future, Syria may be the new battle ground of democracy. Monarchy has run out in Western Asia. Autocracy has long since degenerated into imbecility. Some kind of a Federation is the demand of the twentieth century for the Eastern Mediterranean world. One of two dreams may come true. Two ideals will contend for domination—one of a Jewish republic, a restoration of the Holy Land to the descendants of King David, and the long-belated messianic dream of a free Jewry committed to the ideals of the Prophets and the monotheism of the Psalms, which are shot through and through with political ambitions and terrestrial hopes. The other dream is a colonial life under British protection. If that could be realized in the Asia Minor and Assyrian world which has been accomplished in Canada and Australia, England would enter upon a new and high career. In these so-called "white colonies," the fullest amount of local autonomy has been granted and progressive republics have been established with the consent and the co-operation of England. But the English domination in India tells another story. It has been an attempt on a prodigious scale to shape the destinies of great hosts or people by outside authority and foreign legislation, and the result has been doleful.

No matter what flag floats over the temple heights of Jerusalem, the future peace and prosperity of Syria demand some kind of a HOME GOVERNMENT. The poorest home government is better for a people than the wisest FOREIGN GOVERNMENT. Armenian, Syrian, and hunted Jew may well wait with bated breath the issue of this wicked war. However settled and whoever conquers, God grant that both sides may be saved from the curse that awaits the conqueror, the demand of these poor mid-people half-way between Europe and India, neither Aryan nor Semite, but a blend of both, is the same, and that is, a chance to shape their own destiny, through a home government, an autonomy related to and under the protection of any one or all of the great powers as the case may be.

Jerusalem may yet become a new Holy City, a shrine toward which the pilgrim feet of Jew, Christian and Mohammedan will still turn. Devotion will be protected by freedom. The appreciation of the past will be intensified by the liberty of the present. Some kind of a democracy is to-day the demand of the Syrian world and the prayer of Jerusalem.

The Faith of the Pacifists

Some of your correspondents have the pacifists much on their minds. Have they a lurking sense that the pacifists are right? Surely it ill becomes those who profess the religion of Jesus to throw stones at them! But I do not blame anyone in the heat of this tremendous war if a feeling prevails that everyone ought to help the government to fight it out. How can anyone stand back and not help? This question runs straight to the ends for which Americans think that they are fighting. Put aside the baser elements that make war—fear, partisanship, pride, "the joy of battle," national and economic jealousies, the will to punish, the phrases over which men shout and wave the flag. Come to the main issue set by the President, namely, the age-long conflict between autocracy and democracy. Of course we pacifists stand for democracy with all our hearts.

But what is democracy? Not a piece of outward machinery through which an oligarchy of rank or wealth, or a tyrannical majority may continue to deceive, oppress and dominate. It is a spirit of humanity, of respect for others and all men, of brotherhood indeed, acting upon multitudes of people, through innumerable forms of co-operation to construct a happy commonwealth. Mr. Wilson wants "to make the world safe for democracy," as if we could do this for the world before we know how to do it for ourselves! We have hardly tried it yet; the habits and traditions of the old system are still with us more than we like to admit. The opposition is not so deep between allies and Germans as it is between the aristocratic, Pharisaic, selfish temper and the dawning humanity, in every state or factory or home. There is something of a "Prussian" in most of us, and war with the best self in us.

The nature of aristocracy, or despotism is to claim sovereignty, to compel obedience, to impose uniformity, to antagonize and fight. The method of democracy is the blend of reason, good will and common sense, to persuade and co-operate. No honest co-operation is possible with the unwilling. This is the standing objection to every kind of "conscription." Democracy lives by virtue of the variety of its thoughts, by free utterance, by criticism. It sees no "divine right" in any human sovereignty. It respects its officials for their worth, not their titles. It searches the difference between righteous and unjust laws. This means frankly that a democracy suffers disadvantage in war. It must use the methods of the empire, adopt incompatible ideas, and, so far, cease to be democratic. It must have "enemies"—an anomalous and unbrotherly thing! It must take up the autocractic heresy, too common today, that you do well to threaten, punish and humiliate men, to make reprisals and return evil for evil.

"But others attack us," men cry, "and our safety compels us to fight." Leaving aside plausible exceptions (easily accounted for, when once we see the general law), we reply that no means of safety for the men or the nation is so effective as to trust and practise the democratic rule: "Overcome evil with good." As a matter of fact and experience, human nature answers to nothing else. It is none the worse for being the substance of practical religion.

The charge, however, blurs: "We are now at war and you pacifists will not help us." What else can we do, we reply, except to be true to the universal democracy, more majestic than the greatest nation? We must stand fast in this tide of angry voices for the principles of freedom, kindliness, magnanimity and modesty, which war tends to subvert. It cannot be well that any government may any longer count on the support of all its people in going to war. It is not we who make it harder to fight; it is the nature of democracy, to which war is an anomaly, which can therefore never lend itself to the blindly obedient unity of an imperial system.

Moreover, is it not conceivable that one group in the nation may be doing its best service in getting ready for peace, in cultivating the spirit and steadily setting forth the ideas and methods absolutely requisite in order to reach the democratic civilization and durable peace for which we all hope? The world immensely needs a renewal of its faith. Ought not some of the people to have such faith even now in the righteous Will at the heart of the universe as not to fear at all that democracy can ever be put down by force? Ought not some to have such faith in the fundamental humanity of the great German nation as to insist that it needs nothing so persuasive as the touch of kindred sympathy to deliver it from the danger of contented subjection to a blundering medieval dynasty? Ought not some to seek to dispel the obstinate suspicions which keep certain governments, possibly our own, from the earnest effort to bring the war to a merciful end upon the lines of the Russian democrats or the Pope's recent letter?

From the Boston Herald. *Charles F. Dole.*

THE PULPIT

The Confirmation Class Sermon for 1917

Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls Church, Chicago, June 3, 1917.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

Accept, O Father, this morning, the aspirations of thy children, the yearnings of thy little ones, the consecrations of youth, the dedications of life. Father, we are all little children in thy temple of life. We would bow with reverence before the mysteries, we would yield our hearts to the loves that lead our minds in the search of truth. Father, sweeten and strengthen these young lives, chasten our own hearts, purify our thoughts, clarify our dreams and keep us ever loyal to the gleam that lures us from things low and mean to things high and pure, from the distractions of time to the loyalties of Eternity. Amen.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" or, according to the revised version, *"If God is for us who is against us?"*

This is the motto selected by the Confirmation Class of 1917, and, according to the custom of this desk for many years, I take it as the text for the annual Confirmation Class sermon which has come to be the introduction to the annual Alumni banquet. The fellowship of these students of mine reaches out through over thirty years of time and its two hundred or more members are scattered literally from Porto Rico to Honolulu, from Boston to Portland. Naturally, most of them are by this time heads of families, with children of their own to dedicate and to train.

The class came upon this rather mystical text through the teachings of our Sunday-school where they studied it as the slogan of John Calvin. But Calvin found it in the words of a greater missionary than himself, a more devoted leader than the man who shaped Geneva as a municipality and helped lay the foundations of modern democracy. Paul was greater than John Calvin.

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" I will not waste time in analyzing my text or in trying to discuss philosophy. I will simply try to answer the question which comes so promptly,—how can I know when God is with me? Surely, no one can be against us if He be with us, but how can we tell?

There are three ways by which we may discover the will of God. First, and chiefly, by the voice within. We know not whence it comes, we know not its power or potency, but there it is, the final court to decide on the questions of duty. We did not create it, our parents did not give it to us. This growing expression of the will of God has been sifted through the long ages of human history, it comes from the deep laid bases of life itself, it is formulated in the beauties of nature, developed through the experiences of the brute, crystallized in the thought and heart of man. The voice within has challenged the attention of philosopher, enlisted the interest of poets and satisfied the hunger of saints. There are numerous texts which state this truth. "The sense of duty is the greatest gift of God," says Channing. The often quoted but never worn out saying of the greatest of modern philosophers, Immanuel Kant, declares, "Two things challenge my reverence; the starry heavens above and the sense of ought within." "I walk by the Inner Light," said George Fox. This

light is not infallible, but it is the best we have. It is not adequate, but we can go no farther.

But are there no correctives? Yes, the voices of history and the voices of the saints and sages must come in to reinforce this "inner voice" that fain would reveal the will of the Eternal. We may distrust our own vision, our light may be obscured, but he who studies the long reaches of human history will find his own sense of right, his own conscience strengthened, conserved and encouraged. Passion rages within the breast of youth, and the desire to defy the laws of prudence whispers that just this one violation will not count. But ask the Doctor what the verdict is of human experience, regarding the dissipations of life, the petty indulgences of pipe and cup, the reckless defiance of the laws of rest, sleep and adequate nurture and you will find your own judgment, your own sense of purity, and your own monitions of temperance tremendously augmented by the experience of those who have gone before. If you do not believe the voice a commanding one in you own case, look about you and you will see that the road of the transgressor is hard. You will see that the intemperate man bargains for debility and premature death. You will find plenty of outward evidence that extravagance in dress or diet brings prompt condemnation from the Power that has established the seasons and ordained the flight of the planets. God Almighty has written his will in the bloated face of the drunkard. The God of heaven and earth has demonstrated his approval of the temperate and the true, for he has filled the face of the obedient youth with health, his cheek blooms with beauty, his eye sparkles with light.

Verify, then, your own conscience by the longer measuring strings of history. We may doubt our own judgment. We may in moments of timidity believe that greed is the law of success, that selfishness is the condition of power, that might makes right and that right does not make might. We may believe that the world is for the aggressive conqueror, that the sword dominates the destinies of man. We may believe that there are times when the law of love is inadequate and that the fist and the mailed hand and all that they imply are the arbiters of history. But if you study history with a sufficiently long measuring line you will find that the world is reserved for the meek and not for the conqueror. The triumphs of the sword are brief, the triumphs of love are permanent. Read history and you will note the sad fate of the politician unguided by justice, however powerful he may be. Study history and you will see how short is the empire of the lords of hate and might, and how permanent is the domination of those who yield to the power within. You will see how, guided by the inner light, they have become as fixed stars in the ethical heavens by which the poor and blind, groping after righteousness, may conduct their journey.

This lands me at the second corrective, the voices of saints and of sages, or the third way of knowing the will of God. There is such a thing as an outward authority to help us survey our lives. When the inner light proves an uncertain guide, one may correct his own judgment, by the warnings and encouragements from those higher up. "FATHER SAYS," "MOTHER WISHES IT," are adequate justifications in childhood, and when the child grows up and the near father and mother judgments sometime prove demonstrably inadequate and perhaps, alas, incorrect, we may then catch gleams from the highlands of human experience, the lighthouses of the race, at points where the demonstrably noble have been over the same road and have blazed the way for others who may come after. How splendid are the monitions of Lincoln, Jefferson, Washington, in the political confusions of today! How do the names of Alfred and Charlemagne rise above the tempestuous storms of petty leaders, the entanglements of national courts and employers. Correct, then, your own inner life, when possible, by the light that comes to you from those who have gone on before and have "made good."

In seeking the testimony of the noble, of course we come to the testimony of the noblest. Therein lies the perennial power of Paul, of Sokrates, of Buddha and of Jesus, the great pathfinders in the ethical world. That they were great pathfinders is proved in that the path they blazed has become an easy road for the generations that followed. The centuries have made clearer the path they staked out. The footpath has become a trail and eventually a main-traveled road, a highway of the Lord, which leads to the kingdom of peace. The high authority of the great spirits of history is unquestionable. If the voice within seems to be confusing, test it by the witness of those who have tried and found the better way.

Somewhere, often in the out-of-the-way corners of the world, we may hear the Master voices. Our lists of these may not agree but it is good for us to try to make such lists for the same reason that the study of biography is so valuable, particularly to the young. The lives of the noble are indispensable elements in the noble life of today. The noblest witnesses to nobility will help make your lives noble. A fig tree looking on figs becomes fruitful, says an Arabian proverb. So the study of nobility ennobles.

Here then are two great correctives or reinforcements of the inner voice, available helps when we seek to know the will of God. When some one expressed to President Lincoln the hope that God was on our side he said, "I am not troubled about that. My anxiety is that we should be on God's side." And this is your problem and mine, the problem everywhere, always, of individuals, of homes, of communities, of states.

To review our lesson:

These are the tests of the will of God: the voice within, my own judgment, the voice of my ancestors, the development of history in my life, the reinforcement by the testimony of history from without, and especially by the illuminating guidance of the noblest.

May I now count two or three uncertain tests, dangers by the way, possibilities of going astray when we are trying to follow the will of God? There is a Latin maxim which says, *Vox populi, vox Dei,* the voice of the people is the voice of God. This is a maxim at once wise and dangerous. I can not find God in the crowds. Never trust majorities if you want to be on the side of God. Men are going the right way, but they are not going in herds. The Eternal does not marshal his forces in battalions.

"One with God is a majority," said Frederick Douglas, and he found the saying true. He, a run-away slave with a black skin, defied the constitution and law of organized society and he lived long enough to see that the Lord was on his side. One with God is in the majority.

No, do not trust the crowd. If you want to be sure that you are on the side of God beware of the expedient. It takes a longer line than the one used on election day to decide where God is. It is safer to seek the right by the tests I have referred to. Do that and take the consequences. In the long run I believe it will turn out, that good morality is good policy. But alas for the youth who starts out to shape his conduct on the line of policy. He will get entangled. He will be tripped up. It is easier and safer to try to stand by the voice within when verified by history, as endorsed by the noble, than to take your bearings on the street corner, at the club or at the polls. God does not seem to establish the fashions. He often seems to demand of us to avoid the fashionable and to distrust established customs.

Again I say, beware of the tests of success, though success is desirable. He may find himself a conspicuous and lamentable failure who has devoted himself early and late to the career of a "successful" life. I am reminded of one of John McCutcheon's cartoons, the original of which he gave to me as a Christmas present some years ago. It hangs at the entrance to my study. A youth starts out on his life's career. There are flowers and companionships near at hand, the attractions of love and home are in sight, but away over yonder he sees ten thousand dollars and he starts out feverishly to gain it. When that is reached he promises himself home and love and the amenities of the cultivated. In his quest he tramples ruthlessly on the flowers and brushes aside those who would give him fellowship. At the end of the race he has his ten thousand dollars sure enough, but another vista stretches out before him. A hundred thousand dollars is to be seen farther on and he pushes toward that goal. There are fewer flowers by the way, his comrades are left behind, the road grows less rugged and he pushes on with greater speed and at last wins out. The hundred thousand is at his feet. But yonder is the million dollars in plain sight. Now the chaplet of youth falls off, the face has grown hard, church and school and home have disappeared from his vision, he presses forward and again wins out. At last we see the "successful" man, with the million at his feet, grasping his money bags in a lonesome desert. Successful but oh so lonesome.

I do not say that this is necessarily the picture of the "successful man," but I do say that it is a terribly realistic warning to those young men and young women who think that they must for a time set aside the high demands of conscience and defy the laws of justice if need be in order to "get there." They may get there all right, but woe to those who arrive because they have followed the dangerous lure of success, of "fashion," of "prosperity," forgetting the foundations that rest deep in the nature of things, in laws as fundamental and as old as the stars.

I have spoken of the authority that comes from the excellent and from the aged. There is a conflict that may come into your young lives between what seems to be the law of God and what they know to be the law of the State. We talk about the "law of the land." We cannot reverence it too highly for it, too, is the expression of the will of God clumsily groped after, through the tribulations of society, halting legislations and blind ordinances.

Our children in the Sunday-school never tire of repeating Sunday after Sunday and year after year, Ruskin's Creed which he framed for the Guild of St. George, one paragraph of which reads as follows:

> We will obey all the laws of our country faithfully, so far as they are consistent with what we believe to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, we will oppose them, not with violence, but deliberately and loyally.

There are two ways of respecting the law of the land, the outer law. One way is by conforming to its behests when its requirements run parallel to what we believe to be the law of God. The other way is the dire necessity of accepting humbly the penalty prescribed for transgression when conscience forbids obedience. Whenever there is a disagreement between conscience and the outer law, there comes the question, shall we obey or shall we accept the penalty for disobedience? Shall we conform to unrighteous customs or unholy ordinance or shall we refuse and accept the punishment?

It is along some such lines as these that we are to win the peace of God. The peace which comes from being on his side. Never mind about his being on your side.

"Walk by the inner light" said George Fox, but that walk led him to prison some thirty different times. Out of his turbulent life some eight or ten years were spent behind prison bars.

So let us conform to the law of God and the law of the land when they seem to us to be at variance by accepting the penalty inflicted. Often during the imprisonment of Fox the officers left the gate open and wished he might walk away but he would not go without permission.

William Penn was a cavalier, descended from a long and honorable line of military officers. The sword was a part of his inheritance and of course a part of the dress of a gentleman. When first he appeared before Fox he wore the sword and begged for the privilege of wearing it just to save the feelings of his family and because there was a little sentiment left in his heart about it, not for use but simply as a part of a gentleman's equipment. William Penn said, "George, wear thy sword as long as thou canst," and that was all he did say. Some time after, when Penn appeared again before George Fox the latter said, "Where is thy sword?" "George, I wore it as long as I could," was the reply. There came a time when he could not wear it longer and that was the time for him to lay it aside and not a minute before.

My young friends, thank God that you have a conscience, though it be often more distressing than comfortable. The world is saved by the devotees of conscience even though conscience be limited by a narrow judgment or lack of vision. The cranks of one age are the saints of the next. The disturbers of a generation are the leaders of the century.

Looking once more over the pages of the life of a noble woman, Alice Freeman Palmer, I came upon this sentence, "No one living could insult me." It is not within the power of man to disturb the poise of a soul in league with the Eternal. In another connection she says:

> Don't care too much about things, take them less seriously, the best of them will not run away and the things that can run away possibly can be spared.

Another time she said, "Hate does not last long in good girls." Neither does it last long in good boys nor in good men, because hate is born of the finite and

love is born of infinity. The soul that loves is in league with the Almighty. The soul that hates is at variance with a law of the universe that is as fundamental as the law of gravity. You might as well try to be happy standing on your head as to try to find your peace in the universe of God guided and inspired by hate, strengthened by selfishness.

One other thought and I am done. Horace Mann said, "I am in a hurry and God is not, and that is the difference between us." "Art is long and time is fleeting," said Longfellow, borrowing the thought from the Greek.

If you would measure the will of God you must take a long measuring line. It is not the question of the day but the questions of the century that are proving us always. When the heart of man is swayed by the vision of the hour progress is impeded. The fate of man and of nations depends upon a clock with a long pendulum, whose tick measures the centuries and whose minutes are the millenniums of history. God abides; men and governments, kaisers and presidents, generals and "masters of finance" have their day and are gone and are forgotten. But the law of right, the code of love, the beatitudes written by the Saint of saints, the ten commandments, engraved by the greatest of law givers, abide undimmed and blooming throughout the millenniums. God is not in a hurry.

Dear young friends, see to it that you do not lose your vision by impatience. Of two lines of conduct choose the longer line. Of two emotions choose the deeper. Of two heroisms choose the more unselfish.

One of your class tried to drop into poetry the other day in these lines:

Be true to thy God
As thou ever would,
To thy country be true
As a true man should.
Be true to thy friend
Through thick and thin,
He'll defend you and you
Defend him.

These lines are worthy of high interpretation. My dear young friends,

"This is the time of song,
From many a joyous throat,
Mute all the dull year long,
Soars love's clear note;
Summer is dumb and faint with dust
and heat;
This is the mirthful time when every
sound is sweet.

"Fair day of larger light,
Life's own appointed hour,
Young souls bud forth in white—
The world's a-flower;
Thrill, youthful heart; soar upward, limpid voice;
Blossoming time is come—rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice."

Tenderly guide us, Father, in the way of love and helpfulness that Thy will may become our will and Thy law the law of our lives. Amen.

The Negro in the Field of Dramatic Art

With their suitable and artistic settings, beautiful music and absolute realism, the Negro players under the management of Mrs. Emily Hapgood, must be credited with the most striking departure in the field of dramatic art that the American stage has seen for many a year; and New York, after a season that witnessed only a few truly fine theatrical ventures, is realizing that it has seen something that is at once a triumph and a prophecy of better things to come.

The plays have been criticized, but to a thoughtful observer of the drama as it is acted today, the reason is not far to seek. The three plays by Ridgley Torrence, a gifted American poet, were so unusual in character, and the acting was so far above that ordinarily seen, that few people had any standard of comparison. Except as the first two plays prepared the audiences for what was to come, people were almost wholly unprepared for the soul-satisfying beauty and appeal of the Passion Interlude—"Simon the Cyrenean"—the third and last of these wonderful productions. I use the word "wonderful" with due respect for its meaning. The plays, taken collectively were just that, and the acting with a few minor exceptions merited equally high praise. The expression of passionate hatred followed by the swift transition to the appeal of love for the sake of love, for instance—as given form by Marie Jackson-Stuart who played "Grannie Maumee"—was almost terrifying in its fiendish sublety and power; and as a vehicle for her art Mr. Torrence's tragedy merits the highest praise. With consummate skill, the dramatist showed the unforgetable wrongs that the black race have suffered at the hands of the "superior" race that even today, at the dawn of the twentieth century, still murders its men and mistreats its women.

I find it difficult to say what I would like to say about the closing play, "Simon the Cyrenean." Nor am I alone in this. A noted critic in the city said, "I shall not attempt to describe it. It was too wonderful." Randolph Bourne said in the New York Tribune:

"It was Good Friday. And was the day of the proclamation of war. As the solemn tones pealed out from the last play, with the setting for the crucifixion —'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword' —you could hear the audience catch its breath as it realized the piercing meaning of this heroic little drama of non resistance, played before a Christian nation that was going into a world war on the very day that its churches celebrated devoutly the anniversary of this very warning."

How can I speak individually of the actors in this infinitely pathetic little drama. Each one seemed made for his particular part and was necessary to the splendid whole. It was not acting as we understand the word—rather it was a living, throbbing expression of a beautiful tragic story that has come down to us through the centuries, a story that has furnished a vital and appealing theme to poets, artists and dramaists ever since the days of the Nazarene, and that will continue to do so for many years to come. The plays and the actors who were fully equal to the unusual demands made upon them can only be compared to the Irish Players and the Horniman Players of Manchester, England; and they—well for one thing, they did not have a singing orchestra that played and sang

because it loved to play and sing, and that made one wish for the entre-acts to be lengthened, and that kept an appreciative audience until the last sweet note of voice and instrument had died away. Nor did the English and Irish players show an understanding of color effects that made the last play, in particular, as much a joy to the eye as it was a satisfaction to the ear. Nor did they have two fascinating little pickaninnies that are going to be true artists some day, if they don't watch out! But enough of comparisons!

I have said that these plays are a prophecy of greater things to come. They are in truth indicative of a rising ever increasing spiritual resolution that is going to lift the American stage above the frothy mediocrity, sordid commercialism and downright vulgarity of today—in short they are not only prophetic in the limited field of Negro effort, but they are a prophecy, not to be lightly disregarded, of a change that must come soon in the wider field of our national drama.

That these remarkable plays have been so ably handled by this group of practically unknown (almost unheralded) players, may have come as a surprise to some, but not to those who know the Negro race as a race of artists—subtly susceptible as Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois has pointed out, "to every call of beauty; especially in music and color." This measure of success on the American stage has come only after extraordinary effort, because we Americans know only too well how to crucify talent when it is hidden under a dark skin.

Whether we recognize it or ignore it, there is to be found in the life of the American Negro a tremendous wealth of dramatic material; and there is in the Negro himself a spirit, an artistry, a love of the beautiful and an ability to subdue personality that makes him the best interpreter of such material. These hitherto almost unsuspected sources are going to be drawn upon to the immeasurable gain of the American stage; and the best critics, today, are not unwilling to give voice to this prophecy of the splendid possibilities for the future of the Negro in dramatic art.

New York City. BLANCHE WATSON.

MAKE OF MAN THE STATUE.

Make of man the statue, the priceless piece of art.
All that Greece has given,
All that time has striven
For ages to impart,
Weld it in his sinews, mold it in his thought,
Till the humblest scavenger is gloriously wrought.
Shame upon the galleries, filled with treasures fine
While the work of Heaven—MAN, who is divine,
Shivers in the hallway, shuffles through the street,
Shambles down the alley, with weak and ragged feet.

Make of man the statue, make of man the building.
What avail the gilding
Of altar or of dome,
What the gorgeous tapestries blooming in the home,
What avails the splendor where stately mansions stand
If men who made the mansions are homeless in the land?
Shame upon the church spires climbing to the sky,
While the drudging million suffer, starve and die.

Make of man the poem, make of man the theme;
Fruiting of the vision, flowering of the dream.
All that Rome has given
All that Art has striven
For centuries to say,
Breathe it in his spirit, coin it in his heart,
Till the poorest laborer can share the loveliest part.

Make of man the shining, pure and perfect thing;
Give him room to grow in,
Give him fields to sow in,
Teach his lips to sing.
Shame upon the white streets, brilliant with display,
While the hungry people struggle on their way.

Make of man the towering, the beautiful emprise,
Great as any temple that reaches to the skies.
Take your "worthless derelict, ignorant and vile,"
Give him skies to dream in,
Love a chance to gleam in,
Teach his soul to smile.
Give his toil its payment,
Clothe him sweet with raiment,
Give him food to nourish,
Help his thought to flourish;
Proudly lift his head, then,
Freely let him stand . . .
All the rest is said, then;
Clasp his godly hand!

Angela Morgan, in "Utterance."

CORRESPONDENCE

Some More Encouragement

From a well-known Professor in a Pennsylvania College:

I have become a regular subscriber to UNITY after your kindness in sending gratis numbers. I both enjoy it and appreciate the ability, sanity and courage of its editors and other contributors during these difficult days.

From another Pennsylvanian; a superintendent of a Boys' Club, six hundred strong:

After reading copies of UNITY which a dear friend has sent me, I can no longer refrain from including it with my very many annual subscriptions. I am intensely interested in the development of permanent international Peace. While in College, I was a member of the Intercollegiate Peace League.

From Minneapolis:

UNITY comes to me every week as a beacon light in the darkness that now has settled over the world. I am glad to see that it has not lowered its standard. There is an underground deep movement in the whole world among the working classes that might lead to peace. It is as yet uncouth, undisciplined. But the leaders of this movement are learning from experience, and if they could and would join hands with the head of the Catholic Church, in my opinion peace would come. Russia is already stretching out the hand of brotherhood to the war-mad world. How long will her offer be refused?

From a Missouri Minister:

By some means, I have been privileged to see UNITY which has come to our exchange table. My interest in it has been quickened because it so nearly states my own feeling concerning the war. How can I hate people or be angry with my brother without a cause, and sin not? How can a minister advocate war to settle the form of government in Germany or Austria or Turkey? How can the great wrongs to Belgium be settled by more bloodshed and suffering? How can a minister of Jesus resort to force anyhow? UNITY is the only paper that I see that seems to try to follow the Prince of Peace. Am writing this in grateful acknowledgment of a brave and Christian voice for peace in the midst of the confusion of war. I am on your list of subscribers and hope to add others.

From a Minister in Wales:

In my judgment the issues of UNITY are very valuable and stimulating. I enjoyed the vacation-reading articles and your Seven-Years' Course Lectures. These are real treasures and will no doubt be published again in book form where they ought to circulate largely. I wish you every strength necessary for your winter's labor and many more years in which to enrich the literature of the world and to uplift humanity.

The Philosophy of Pacifism

In a letter to the *New York Times,* bearing the date, August 21, President-Emeritus Eliot advocated a conference of the belligerent nations, in view of the fact that after three years of warfare the military situation could be described as a stalemate. Dr. Eliot believes that because of the superiority of the Entente Allies and the United States in men and means Germany can in all probability be brought to a condition of exhaustion before the Allies will be; "but this result can be brought about only by prolonged and desperate sacrifice of human life and of the savings of the nations and at the cost of infinite human woe."

The following paragraph from Dr. Eliot's letter almost enrolls its writer among the pacifists: "It would certainly facilitate the proceedings of an international conference in the interest of durable international peace if it could be understood beforehand that all the participating nations had come to the conclusion that war on the modern scale and with the new implements of destruction is not an available means, in the present state of the civilized world, of settling international disputes or of extending national influence and power." War today is "not an available means of settling international disputes"—these are the words of common sense, an expression of that hard-headed, practical intelligence which Dr. Eliot has exhibited in a pre-eminent degree through a long life. *It is to common sense that the pacifist appeals. His basic objection to war is that war is not "available," is not practical; it is boyish, it belongs to an immature intelligence.*

The various idealistic justifications of war will not stand examination in the light of common sense. It is said, for example, that "there are values more precious than life." That is true of the life of an individual, but, as far as human experience has discovered, there are no values greater than the life of the human race. An enthusiastic defender of our war with Germany has written me: "Better that every man, woman and child on the face of the earth should perish than that Germany should be triumphant." That is lunacy. Truth, freedom, justice, law, the rights of nations, good faith, democracy, humanity,—watchwords of idealism today,—have no meaning unless the existence of human society be presupposed. Rather than to betray such noble ideals an individual may well choose to die, but not the whole human race! It was of the individual that Emerson wrote:

> 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die.

If by dying, and by no other way under the circumstances, an individual can save the life of another or of many others, or can emancipate, enrich and ennoble other lives, then such individual ought to die, and there will never lack those who will fulfil the obligation. By dying for some great cause many a martyr has added to the worth of life to those that came after him. Jesus made mankind his debtor by voluntarily accepting death. But we owe no gratitude to those who killed him, although they may have thought, as they professed, that they were doing what was best for their nation. They knew not what they did. They cut short a life from which many more blessings might have flowed had they spared it. Appreciation of martyrdom must not involve the virtual justification of those who kill the martyrs. Martyrdom is at best a very wasteful method of progress, quite unworthy of a civilized community.

While we acknowledge, then, the nobility of the martyrs, we deplore the stupidity of those who kill them. While the sacrifice of individual lives for righteousness' sake may to some extent promote righteousness —no thanks to those who do the killing!—it is evident that *the larger the number of lives taken or sacrificed professedly for the sake of "values more precious than life," the more questionable the process, and the more imperative the duty of a searching inquiry whether there is not some other way of guarding those values,* since, as already stated, if the race were exterminated these values would cease to exist.

Human nature is essentially social. Human life is worth while in a direct ratio to the extensiveness and the intensiveness of a human being's relations with his kind. To be cut off from association with fellowmen,—of which there is no more effective means than the killing of fellow-men,—involves always the curtailment and the impoverishment of life. There is never a real conflict—though there may be a seeming conflict—between the true interests of the individual and the true interests of the social group to which the individual belongs, any more than there is a conflict of interest between the hand and the body as a whole. Human society, transcending national boundaries and embracing all peoples, is a unity, a single body of which the various nations are members. "Whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it." Every war today is virtually a civil war. Modern transportation has made the nations better acquainted with one another and more interdependent than were the several sections of a single country a century ago. If civil war is injurious, and the resort to bloodshed to secure social justice within a nation is deplorable, so also is a war between civilized countries. Civilization has no room for war. War is antisocial, the chief destroyer of the precious values which humanity has created in its agelong toil and endeavor.

The basic objection to war is not that every individual human life is sacred and should on no account be taken. Human life is indeed sacred, but that very sacredness might conceivably warrant the killing of individual human beings. Thus if by killing one man the lives of many men might be preserved, and by no other practicable means, the sacredness of life would itself demand that the one man be killed. It is in the name of the sacredness of life that capital punishment is inflicted. Capital punishment is justified if it does in fact protect human life as it cannot be protected by any other available means. A pacifist may without the slightest inconsistency believe in capital punishment, as no doubt many pacifists do. Capital punishment is the killing, one by one, after thorough investigation and examination, of individuals who have been proved to be dangerous to their fellow-men. War, on the other hand, is the wholesale killing of an indefinite number of human beings, without the least discrimination between the good and the bad,—save that the strongest and best are usually killed earliest!

Now it is at least doubtful whether capital punishment does, as a matter of fact, safeguard human life in the most effective way. There is much ground for the opinion that it is morally degrading to the com-

munity that employs it, and that it tends in the long run to cheapen life rather than to protect it. Accordingly, in the most highly civilized countries capital punishment is infrequent and is likely to be abolished soon.

If the utility of capital punishment is even open to question—as it certainly is—what shall be said of the indiscriminate killing of war? When we are at war, for every enemy killed we sacrifice one of our own citizens, for the losses on both sides in modern warfare are approximately equal. If the legal execution of a criminal required always the life of an unright citizen, capital punishment would have few defenders. If it be granted, for the sake of argument, that an indefinite number of Germans ought to be killed for the future good of humanity, the fact that for every German's life the life of a good Frenchman, or Englishman, or American, or Russian must be paid, should give us pause. It has indeed been argued that war is a means of saving human life, that "non-resistance" is "passive murder" in that it permits a great deal of killing which a smaller amount of killing might have prevented! To such an extreme of the ridiculous are the defenders of war driven, quite justifying Dr. L. P. Jacks' scathing remark: "After all, the war itself is not the crowning absurdity. The crowning absurdity is the notion that this fools' business can be reduced to some sort of rational proposition by any manner of talking about it, explaining it, drawing lessons from it, or pronouncing epigrams over it." (*Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1917.)

"Fools' business"—that is what war is, and that fact is the pacifist's basic objection to war. War is exactly what John Hay called it, "The most ferocious and futile of human follies." It accomplishes no good result that cannot be secured at a cost less frightful, if only reason be substituted for mob-madness, and common sense for sophistry.

HENRY WINN PINKHAM.

Melrose, Mass.

THIS DAY.

The Lord of hosts stretched forth his arm,
And led his hosts from sea to sea;
In war, in peace, in storm, or calm,
The land was theirs; if they were free,
His free-born children they must be.

All nations called to him for bread,
From island and from continent.
"Give it to-day, O God!" they said;
From every land this cry was sent;
And lo! from east to west his people went,
The stewards of his love to be.

"Give us our homes," his people said,
"In every land, by every sea,
Where we can plant this daily bread
Wherewith the nations shall be fed."
"Feed all my flock," their Father said,
"Offer this sacrifice to me,
I am the God who made you free."

"How long, O Lord!" his people cried:
"So many lands beneath thy sun,
Which mountains part or seas divide!
Lord! hear our prayer, and make them one."
And he:
"One world, one home, one family,
One blood on every land or sea,
One household of my own shall be:
For this I make my children free."

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

Sociological Peace Guarantees

At the coming Conference the question of limitation of armaments will play an important part. Every country will demand guarantees against the threats which lie in military preparations of a possible enemy, but no state will be willing to give such guarantees, because it thereby would submit to the demands of its adversaries, which the majority of its people would consider humiliating. Pacifists have often pointed out that the question of armaments can apparently only be solved in connection with the problem of the constitution of international law.

DISARMAMENT.

The question of disarmament has again been broached in a manner which deserves general attention. On looking more closely into the matter and with some knowledge of the sociological conditions of development of modern great industrial nations—for it is a question only of these—one will perceive that for them, at least as far as Europe is concerned, the repetition of armaments-competition will for all time be impossible. Already before the war for some of these countries the burden of armaments was such, that it formed a serious obstacle to the increase of the population. The best armaments are however useless if men are lacking to make use of them. A decreasing or even a stationary population makes an aggressive policy for a single state impossible. It appears indeed to be a sociological law that the more perfect the machinery of military preparedness is—the burdens of the individuals of a nation being in consequence more onerous—the more quickly the birthrate will be diminishing. The human individual in a nation can after all not be permanently oppressed and it avenges the oppression by a decrease of the pressure surface, that is to say, by a decrease in numbers. It would be going too far here to go into details for the purpose of proving the truth of this statement, but it may be conceded that apart from military reasons, a number of other reasons especially financial ones, play a part. But nevertheless views like those expressed by Leonce de Lavergne in the Revue des Deux Mondes of November 15, 1868, offer food for reflection. He says: "At all times the increase of the population of France has been in inverse ratio to the size of the army. During the restoration, when the annual recruiting contingent only numbered 40,000, the population increased rapidly. When the yearly contingent increased to 60,000 the increase in population became less and more so when it increased to 80,000. With a yearly recruiting contingent of 100,000 the increase of population was almost nil. During the last two years the annual number of recruits was further increased to 140,000 and then a decrease of the population set in. The commission of inquiry instituted by imperial decree March 28, was unanimous on this point."

A PARALLEL.

Something similar to what happened in France took place in Germany before the war of 1870. Yes, this parallel is so unequivocal, that the Entente has no occasion to fear the future armaments competition of Germany any more than Germany had any need to fear the armaments competition of France after 1870. We need only mention what privy Counselor Kirch-

ner stated before the ministerial commission on the occasion of the last Prussian medical budget conference: "The decline of the birthrate, which France has experienced in 70 years, we have reached in 12 years." One may possibly urge against this the fact that Germany has had a yearly increase of population of nearly one million. This objection can hold good only for a layman, because the increase of Germany's population, like that of most European countries, is entirely due to the rise of the average age of life, which in a remarkably short space of time, never experienced before in history, has been raised by ten years. To believe in a further rise of the average age of life after this war with its terrible injury to health and its awful loss of life, is simply absurd.

PERFECT GUARANTEE.

What better guarantees against the recommencement of the armaments competition by Germany could the Entente wish for? There still remains for Germany the possibility of an alliance with a populous country with an increasing birthrate, just as France after 1870 entered into an alliance with Russia. But where is such a country to be found for Germany? Japan which has already a declining birthrate? Or perhaps China? One has only to mention such an idea to feel that the leading men of the Entente need not bother their heads about it. No, at present the position of things has completely changed. The same circumstances, which offer to the Entente guarantees against armaments on the part of Germany, offer Germany guarantees against armaments on the part of England, the leading industrial state of the Entente. Lloyd George, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, stated at a budget conference a few years before the war: "We have during the last decades amassed wealth to an extent probably unknown in history, but this was accomplished with a terrible waste of human material. We have drawn on the robust vitality of the population and wasted its energies in manufactures, as if the stock were inexhaustible. We now begin to realize that we spent our capital at a disastrous rate. We must now with one accord make a serious national effort to replace and secure this capital of vital energy."

If ever the robust vital energy of the population was drawn on, it happened during this war, and if ever efforts have to be made to replace and secure the European capital of vital energy, they have to be made now. If these efforts are not made and if the European nations continue to produce death-dealing weapons at the same rate at which, according to Lloyd George, they should produce food, the world peace will come nevertheless, however in a way, which I must abstain now from describing, but it is indicated by a Bible text: "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." Yes the meek, the peaceful, shall in days to come possess the earth, when the war-mad shall have destroyed each other, when they shall have made the conditions of life of the peoples and their descendants so difficult, that the meek nations will get the advantage and, by utilizing the latter, will in the natural course of events finally fill the world. Then indeed one can say that Europe has made a fool of herself.

Stuttgart, Germany. FRITZ RÖTTCHER.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Beginnings

Myth versus Science

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

I.

INTRODUCTORY

Myth, Legend, Science and History Defined

Out of the heart of nature rolled,
The burdens of the Bible old.
—Emerson "The Problem."

In justifying our claim as to the value of this course in the history of religion, indicating our method and perhaps trying to vindicate it, we are faced with two objections. The first, why bother with old peoples, old problems of old times when present problems and issues are so insistent? Why venture to divert all the energies and all the resources within reach from the pressing problems in hand? The second objection, of a more academic nature, why waste time on the past. In studying religious and scientific problems why not begin with today? These objections will perhaps suggest a third. Why undertake the impossible; why try to give to primary children, lessons on primitive life which can only properly engage university men and women, thereby laying oneself open to the suspicion of being pedantic. Today one must be pedagogical and psychological and to teach psychology to children is to try to place the pyramid on its apex.

To answer the first objection. This old earth of ours is going to roll on a long while yet. The questions of the hour fade in the questions of the day and the questions of the day vanish in the presence of the age. This age, with all its bumptiousness, conceit and legitimate triumphs will pass and become one of the many ages and if we retain our sanity and poise we must seize every opportunity possible to secure a long view, to use a long measuring string. The clock of destiny has a long pendulum, its ticks count the centuries and its hands move deliberately on the dial. If you would go with the Eternal, hold yourself steady; if you would be in the council of the Almighty, calm your pulse; if you would preserve your sanity, take time to face the universe.

The desire to enter the society of primeval man needs no apology. We shall cultivate this season the society of the cave man, the man who slept in the tree tops, who carried his divinity around his neck, who laid the foundations of the home on such levels that he was companioned with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air.

To teach the children these things is to do for them what no one else is likely to do. Our schools, both Sunday and weekday, are woefully deficient and cruelly neglectful, as are our homes, in the real education of the child. No attempt is made to connect history, philosophy and science with the lessons of religion. The stories of Adam and Eve, The Fall, The Deluge, are still taught as fundamental facts to the neglect of spiritual development. Dear old Dr. Lightfoot, a famous biblical commentator, figured

out that the work of creation began 9 a. m. Oct. 22, 4004. We should see to it that our children enter into such an ethical inheritance as will furnish a moral protection. And our purpose in this class is to furnish adequate ethical clothes for naked spirits.

Our study will carry us on the double lines of myth and science and we need a clear definition of terms.

Myth was primitive man's way of looking at the universe and at himself, his guess at a philosophy of life, his science.

Science is modern man's guess verified by observation of facts, his modified and verified conclusions.

Legend, more modern than myth, is primitive man's history.

History is modern man's verification of legend.

The hatchet story is a Washington legend because unverified. The story of Washington crossing the Delaware might have been a legend but upon investigation it is justified by corroborative evidence and is established as legitimate history.

Primitive man was beset by exactly the same facts that beset the modern man. The moon was in its place and made its circuit, the sun rose and set as it does today, and all the birds, fish and reptiles were there. Primitive man tried as modern man does, to account for these facts; for the shaded spots on the moon. He imagined they looked like a rabbit, western people said like a man. The primitive Semitic theory, showing the Sabbatarian idea already established by our forefathers back of the Jew, was that that shaded spot was a man being punished for breaking the Sabbath. Some of us were raised to see the man with a pack of faggots on his back and a little dog following after. There was something there. The Scandinavians managed to get Jack and Jill imprisoned there. They fall away one after the other, as the moon wanes, and their water-pail symbolizes the supposed connection of the moon with rainstorms. The modern man says of these shaded spots that they are mountain elevation configurations on the face of a solid body having a regular orbit.

The myth, when it ceased to be primitive man's science, became modern man's poetry. The first man believed it and the man in the next stage of development liked it because it appealed to his fancy. So we have the splendid round of Scandinavian Eddas in the hands of Wagner translated into splendid poetry, great art, high music. It is fun to know these things for the sake of intellectual gratification, fun to trace the connection between primitive man's guess and modern science, and at the same time we are making for ourselves ethical clothes.

This season we will glimpse how the world was made, what science knows about the origin of the earth, a little bit of astronomy, geology and more of archeology. Next we will see how the floods came, how man came, his antiquity, the development of language, communities, society, governments, etc. We will then enter the spiritual realm; the thought of God, sin, death, origin and continuance of soul, of heaven and hell, how sacrifice, temples and altars began, consider the early codes, the new commandment and some civic commandments that have grown since the days of Jesus.

We should come to our study with open minds for the open mind is the achievement of the developed soul; humility the first condition of the knowledge of science. Some one has said that progress in philosophy is determined not by the settling of questions but by the giving of them up. If the questions of salvation, damnation, heaven and hell, death and immortality, of sin and redemption are reduced in your mind to a definite formula, a dogmatic statement you belong to primitive man. Bigotry is primitive. Ignorance is dogmatic. Science is humble. When you stand in the presence of the Eternal, recognizing the stupendous realities, and with uncovered heads and unshod feet confess your ignorance, you are pretty well along the path away from dogmatism towards the consolations of the spiritual life.

The saddest thing in the fearful turmoil of the hour is its cocksure dogmatism.

We will have the old program but not the old lesson. Seven years have brought new literature and fresh interpretations. Professor Salisbury, the geologist of the University of Chicago, has furnished the titles of three books containing the last words along his line. "Men of the Old Stone Age" by Henry Fairchild Osborn, "The Antiquity of Man in Europe," by Professor Geikie and "The Origin of the Earth," by Professor Chamberlin. Chamberlin in this work has disturbed the bulwark of scientific faith in the nebula hypothesis which never claimed to be any thing but an hypothesis. Lyell, who used to be an authority along these lines, published five or more editions of his work, each new edition disproving the previous one, bringing out new realizations. Scientists are not brought before a synod and disciplined as a preacher would be. We do not now ask *who* wrote a scientific book but *when* was it written?

Frederic Starr's "Some First Steps in Human Progress," Brinton's "The Myths of the New World," Fiske's "Myths and Myth-Makers" and the works of Lubbock, Tylor and Keane are among the many fascinating book useful in this course.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Define Myth and Legend.
(2) Tell a myth concerning the moon.
(3) Give a legendary story of some early hero.
(4) Why study the beginnings of things?

WINDBELLS.

My little house is frail and small;
A lusty gale might do it harm.
Before a storm 'twould surely fall,
So I protect it with a charm.

Out from the lintel of my door
I've hung three windbells made of glass.
They play wild strains that I adore,
Blown by the roving winds that pass.

The growing wind, the snowing wind,
The tempest rude that shrieks and yells,
The hot simoon—each seems to find
Something to soothe it in my bells.

And though they come to rage and roar,
And though they come to wail and weep,
They find the bells above my door,
And make me music till I sleep.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

WHEAT VS. TOBACCO.

There are less than fifty million acres of wheat grown in the United States, and it takes a lot of farm labor. Yet if the people engaged in raising tobacco would turn their energies to wheat-raising their hands would be sufficient to take care of another twenty-five million acres.

It is fine sentiment to preach from the housetops, and to gather in pledges from housewives to "save the wheat"—and then the head of the house goes out and buys the value of a bushel of grain in tobacco, and smokes it up in two days.

"Save the loaf of bread," is the plea to the housewife, and she does it, with the aid of her husband, who stops on the way downtown and buys a plug of tobacco that represents the value of the loaf, and chews it up that same day.

"What's the use chewing tobacco,
And spitting away the juice."

There ain't no use; but that makes no difference.

The Food Administration—bless 'em—want people to conserve food, and the old Hotel Gordon, which is headquarters for Mr. Hoover's work, is a regular smokehouse.

There is enough money invested in the tobacco business in the United States today to take up the whole of a Liberty Loan. And everything about tobacco is a waste—the weed burns up, and the cud is sucked clean, and there isn't even fertilizer left for melancholy results.

There are enough men engaged in the booze and tobacco business in the United States—both absolutely useless lines of industry—to equal the present size of the United States Army. Then, why take the boys off the farm and away from their desks, and let the non-productive class stay at home?

I shot a lot of the above "guff" at a friend of mine, and he said he smoked to quiet his nerves. The fellows who don't smoke and drink don't need a lot of narcotics and stimulants to keep them going. They are true to Nature, and Nature always plays square.

If there is any reason why the good men and women of this country should subscribe to "tobacco funds" for soldiers, then why not carry the point a little farther and give the boys cocaine, morphine, heroin, and other "nerve restoratives"? It's easier to carry. You can find men all about you that shake and tremble as violently from cigarette smoking as from the drugs.

A cigarette fiend takes as naturally to "dope" as a duck to water. Two thousand dope fiends were arrested in New York last year, and it would be interesting to know how many of them got their start puffing cigarettes.

It's a little early yet to decry against tobacco, but it is interesting to note that the defenders of the weed are using the same argument that the Chinamen offered in defense of opium; but the Chinese have forbidden the continued use of opium.

A year ago the "necessary stimulant" stuff was a stereotyped argument in favor of whiskey, vermooth, cocktails and highballs. The drinking habit became so popular that cabarets couldn't get along without it. The cabarets hastened the downfall of John Barleycorn.

"Smoking is all right," our women declare, and in greatly increased numbers they are puffing at the little "peemstecks." Smoke up, girls, while you may—and the stronger you go, the sooner it will be when your brothers and fathers, husbands and sweethearts will decide against Nicotine.

We're agin the dirty stuff!—*John E. Jones in Achievements for November.*

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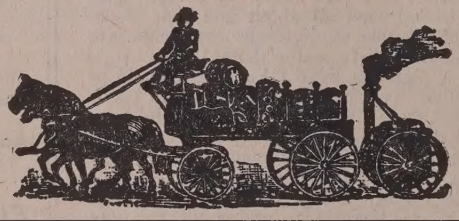

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